MFA

Fall 1971

MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF ART

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CARPENTRY

Cabinet maker willing to do any job relating to wood from bookcases to highrise. Am interested mainly in small jobs (i.e., walls, cabinets, bookcases, remodeling, fire jobs, woodcarving, etc., etc., etc.) No job too small, contact

John Nolan
Mailbox

MCA/U.S. Navy Reserve
Artist's Draft Alternative

A pilot program is being initiated between the Department of the Navy and MCA. It's intended to offer MCA's qualified graphic design, illustration and photography students an opportunity to enlist and perform in their special interest fields. It provides a fourth alternative to draft eligible students, who face inevitable service in the U.S. Army.

The program will assist the Navy in improving its total graphic image while providing the potential draftee with two-year, non-combatant military service in his professional field.

The process involves submission of a portfolio to the USN Office of Information in Washington, D.C., enlistment in the U.S. Navy Reserve (two-years active duty) and eventual assignment to an appropriate Navy billet (position).

The MCA/USNR program is being coordinated by Assistant Professor Robert J. Benson, MCA Graphic Design Department and Rear Admiral L. R. Geis, Chief of Information/U.S. Navy. See Mr. Benson for further details!

FIRST YEAR STUDENTS

copies of a demographic* survey
of freshmen
are now available
in
Dean McGavern's Office (B1)

*Demography – the statistical science dealing with the distribution, density, vital statistics, etc. of populations.

If you are a male or female between 16 and 100 years old and would like to volunteer three hours of your time each week by offering your friendship to boys 6 to 18 years old, or if you have any hobby or interest that you would like to share with the boys, then please call Jack Cascio at 268-4301 or 268-2534.

TO: Mass. Art Students
FROM: Robin Carter, Director of Placement
RE: Free-lance/Commission art work

The Placement Office handles a good number of free-lance and commission jobs during a year. Often times these jobs are called in on *very* short notices; and more often publicity, experience and supplies are the paycheck.

Should any of you be interested in signing for a particular discipline/craft please see Robin Carter, Director of Placement. When registering for on-call art work, be specific as to the discipline you will work in, i.e., silkscreen, not "graphic design." At the same time you can be registering for part-time employment.

Finally, any seniors not yet registered at the Placement Office should do so before Thanksgiving comes and goes. If you are interested in graduate schools, I would suggest you get going with your homework. As for full-time employment (there really are jobs out there) announcements of vacancies usually start coming in after Christmas holidays. Checking in early will give you an idea of what's going on, questions asked might give you ideas on how to get there.

EDITOR

Last week the Massachusetts Senate was in debate over a possible site for the re-location of M.C.A. in Dover. This will be the second time a possible site for an expanded campus at the Massachusetts College of Art has been defeated; the first being the Newton site set down by the State Supreme Court.

At Dover, a unique opportunity is posed to future M.C.A. students. (Total phasing could be accomplished in 8 to 10 years.) The seclusion, acreage, and atmosphere are important, favorable factors for a productive, artistic community. The space and buildings on the site hold great freedom and promise for a panorama of creative activities: sculpture gardens and outdoor exhibitions could be regular fare.

The area's proximity to Boston enables artists to form a perspective on the turbulent activity of the city center. A trip to a major city would involve a conscious change from the suburban workshops at M.C.A. to the creative melting pots of the metropolis. When among the offerings of the city area, students can record what is of value to them; then return to sift, re-evaluate, re-interpret and finally to produce. In this sense, the physical situation at Dover would produce a much more self-fulfilled and complete student, one with a deeper understanding and appreciation of nature and man. An M.C.A. graduate would be a strikingly unique addition to the community in this respect, proving to be a most valuable asset.

The results of the voting on the Dover Site should be known now or in the near future. In the event of success or rejection, student support is urgently needed for this site and any prospective areas. The powerful community force which would be generated at Dover would benefit many – student and society. A brief letter to your area senator stating your support for the Dover Site is all that is needed. If M.C.A. is to acquire this or any other future space, your support is urgently needed.

–Bob Gould

the following article from the *new yorker* magazine (2 october 1971) was submitted by dean mcgavern.

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Notes and Comments

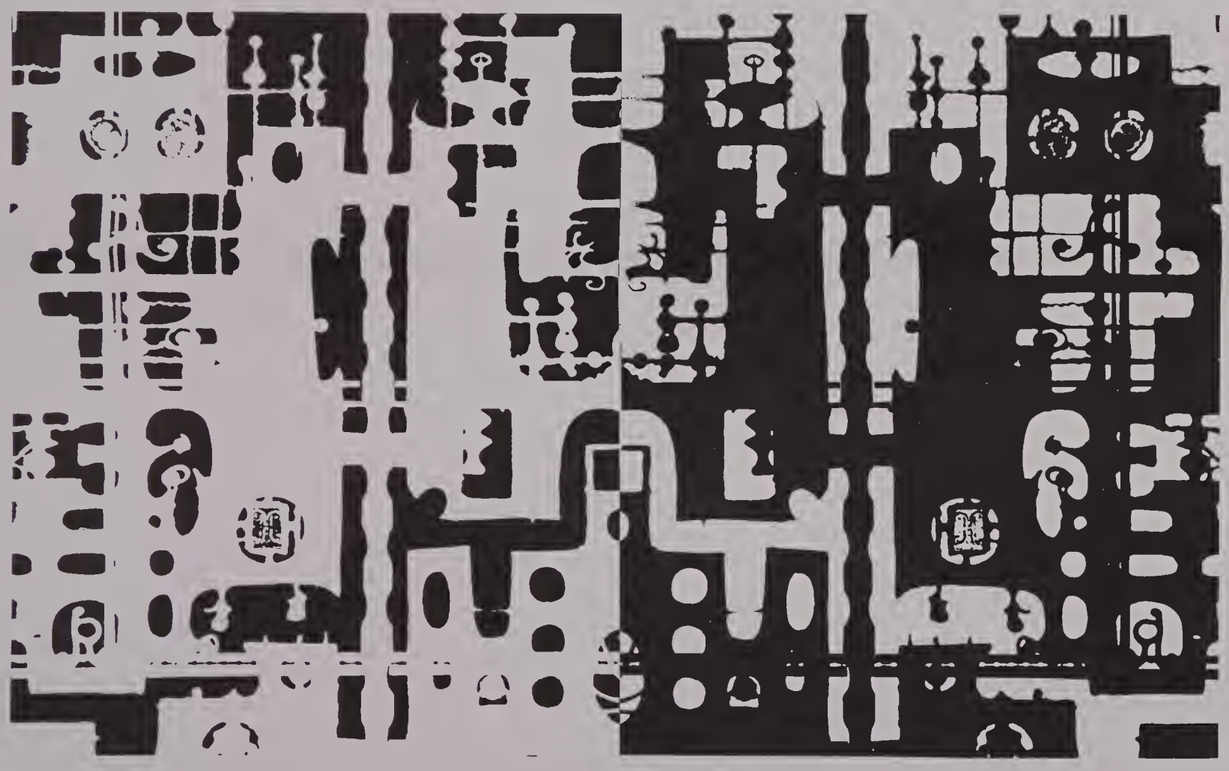
Shortly after the Attica uprising, Governor Rockefeller, in response to a reporter's question about why he hadn't visited the prison, described a breakdown in negotiations with the prisoners. And then, to make a final, clinching point, he spoke of a belief that the hostages' lives were in growing jeopardy at the prisoners' hands. "They [the prisoners] just lined up eight [of the hostages], bound, blindfolded, with an executioner with a knife at his throat. At that point the decision was made. There was no alternative but to go in," he said. When Commissioner Oswald was asked several days later what pressures had ultimately compelled the use of deadly force, he answered in the same way. He talked about the impasse in negotiations, and also about reports that prisoners had been arming themselves (with "spears" and knives, it turned out), and went on to say, "Each time I went back, they said if you move in here we will kill all the hostages." These answers lead one into the puzzling heart of the tragedy. A quea-tion that virtually asks itself is: How did mounting fear for the hostages' lives lead the authorities to make exactly the move that was most likely, according to their own calculations, to get the hostages killed — a move, in fact, that placed the hostages' lives in double jeopardy, first at the hends of desperate prisoners under armed attack and then at the hands of state troopers with orders to fire through clouds of tear gas past the ears of the hostages at the "executioners"? For although the danger to the hostages from the prisoners indeed seemed great at the time, it turned out that the danger from their would-be protectors, the authorities, was also great. Looking back, we can see that the authorities were moving unswervingly toward what they most feared: the execution of their own employees.

It is hardly necessary to point out that this isn't the first time in recent years that American authorities have killed their own people as a result of overeager pursuit of "enemies." Right down to minute details, the Attica massacre followed with uncanny faithfulness a script that has governed many other recent American tragedies. In an excellent article in the *Times,* Tom Wicker has described the pattern which (to elaborate somewhat on his description) proceeds as follows: In the first stage of the tragedy, some form of disorder — almost any form of disorder, from a student sit-in to a civil war — breaks out. The authorities receive, and believe, exaggerated reports of the trouble. (For example, the stories of plans to murder Mayor Daley at the Chicago Convention, the stories of snipers at Jackson State, and the stories of guards murdered at Attica.) The authorities then invest the disorder with a symbolic importance ("If we let the students/prisoners/blacks/Communists get away with it in this case, they'll start doing it everywhere"), so that each outbreak, however small, is seen as a perhaps fatal crack in the structure of constituted American authority. Usually, "outside agitators" are blamed, in order to give the impression that a perfectly good lot of, say, students have been corrupted and used by evil forces. (Perhaps the only light moment in the Attica tragedy came when Rockefeller mechanically applied the "outside-agitator" theory to Attica, leaving one to wonder which sinister outside force it was that had corrupted this innocent group of militant convicted criminals.) In the second stage, the authorities employ overwhelming, indiscriminate force to restore "order," usually killing and injuring people other than the ones they meant to kill or injure. (For example, the killing of bystanders during the Newark and Detroit riots, the

massacre of villagers at My Lai, the killing of bystanders at Kent State, and the massacre of guards at Attica.) In the third stage, the authorities publish accounts of the event from which the brutality and lawlessness of their own people have been expurgated. (For example, the first Army reports on My Lai, the grand-jury report on Kent State, Mayor Daley's version of the Chicago Convention, and the initial reports of throats slashed by prisoners at Attica.) Soon others — the press, the victims, investigating committees, or sometimes lone individuals — publish accurate accounts. But a large part of the public — sometimes most of the public — goes on believing the official version.

One could list pages of events that have more or less closely followed this script. As Wicker notes, the entire Indo-China war has followed it. There is even a new vocabulary of euphemisms for describing — or, rather, for avoiding describing — these events. "Confrontation" is the euphemism for the first stage, "overreaction" is the euphemism for the second stage, and "credibility gap" is the euphemism for the third stage. Wherever you see these words — and you see them everywhere — you are dealing with some variant of this pattern.

In the months to come, other characteristics of the pattern will no doubt be mentioned. It will be said that all these tragedies are part of a single big tragedy — a tragedy that keeps happening over and over again, like a recurring nightmare. And it will be urged that, generally speaking, America should do more thinking, looking, and listening, and less shooting. This is good advice as far as it goes, but there is something more that needs saying. The fact that situations as disparate as a civil war in Asia, a civil rights demonstration in the southern United States, a student sit-in at an American university and a prison riot in upstate New York should begin to unfold according to a single script as soon as American authorities step in is in itself disturbing. One ordinarily wants consistency in policy, but there's too much consistency here. Life is being made too easy for the columnists and the political scientists. There is bad trouble ahead when a country's problems can all be rolled together into one problem. It means that policy is going blind — is turning pathological. We are becoming like the disturbed person who is surprised to find that all his relations with other people are starting to crack up in exactly the same way. All over the world, our authorities have been giving their men the order to "go in" and clean things up. But what has followed has been much stranger than the authorities have been able to guess. It is the sameness of what has followed that gives us away. When we "go in," we enter a private, self-enclosed, fictional world that doesn't change. We don't like the complexity of things, and we want every disorder to be one in which force is effective as a last resort. We are using force to protect the integrity of our own delusion. Why, we keep asking in bewilderment, are the people on our side always getting themselves mixed up with the people on the other side? Why are the hostages mixed up with the prisoners? Why do the friendly villagers wear the same kind of clothes as the unfriendly villagers? Why are our own children marching with that disorderly mob? By blinding and deafening ourselves with our own gunfire, we get past these confusions and create a temporary, false simplicity. We are never so sure of the identity of our enemies as when we see the dim figures running through the tear gas in the sights of our rifles. After all, if they aren't our enemies, why are we shooting them? We override the disorderly variety of the world with an indiscriminately uniform type of violence. When we go in, all thought breaks down, and we can speak of saving villages by destroying them and of saving hostages by killing them. We begin to kill our own allies, to kill our own people who are being held as hostages, to kill our own children. For a moment, we forget who they are and forget who we are, and forget what it is we're trying to do to them. And when the violence is over, we remain trapped in the fictitious world that was born of our fears and our violent impulses. We make up stories to prove that things are going the way they should be going, the way they started going in our minds when we began firing. Mountains of the plainest evidence can't convince us of the truth. But in the real world the arbitrary distinctions by which we sought to justify our actions have broken down once and for all. Our people have actually done the thing we accused their people of being ready to do. And our people and their people lie together in a common grave, brothers in death as they were brothers in life, had we only known it.



[white racist song]

about the piece:

readin th papers thother day. george jackson murdered. attica. "negro man shot thru head three hundred times — coroner says cause of death still unknown." nixon says to put em on buses. wallace says to take em off.
(medgar evers gunned down. king gunned down. malcolm x gunned. wallace says he might run again. dashed him off a new campaign song. (jingle on boston radio — "louise day hicks for mayor, is the one, she gets things done, and you know its true, she cares for you") sent george a copy. sent his soul brother richard m. a copy. maybe gonna send louise a copy.
about the performance of the piece:
piece itself is unfinished, barely begun. if so desired, it may be finished with a sort of group theatre or "happening" event which would include lynching, burning, beating, maiming, raping and all those things which give a piece of this nature authenticity. police dogs may be used with some effectiveness. piece is to be played on either banjo or guitar. it is very fast. performer of piece, in order to identify as closely as is possible with lyrics, should not have i.q. of more than fifteen or sixteen and should be no more cultured than the average cow. the instrument used should be strapped in some way about the performer's neck, that that part of his anatomy may, with much rubbing and chafing, achieve the high-tone crimson color so fashionable in the modern south. any participants or observers who wish to, may, when such words as "this country" and "american" are spoken, yell out things like "yahoo!", "yippee!", and "hot damn!". such phraseology serves to furtherly imbue the work in local colour and add new depths of meaning. such participants are to be henceforth known as "yahoos".
substitution of key phrases:
should the piece be performed in neighborhoods where there are no blacks, performer(s) may substitute names of other nationalities. should blacks or other nationalities perform this piece, they likewise may substitute any names they wish. (i.e. — niggers, honkies, boo-boos, boogies, spics, wops, polacks, micks, harps, kikes, chinks, japs, etc.)
this gives the piece more of an international appeal.
further substitution of key phrases:
should the piece be performed by members of a race in a locale where there are no members of inferior races, (an extremely rare occurrence, as inferior races are a dime a dozen in this country) the participants or performers may, if so desired, furtherly substitute any names they wish, that the piece be performable within the confines imposed by their nationality. (good examples — fatty, four-eyes, ugly, square, dirty, etc.)

the song: (very fast)

yassir, wal im'a jes singing about that good ol white racist song
yassir, wal alla us good ol white racists we jes gits together,
  sings all night long
ise jes sittin aroun th ol hardware store
an ise playin cards an its quite a bore
an ol fred calls up, he says "that you, frank?"
i says "yas it is" he says "go git hank,
i got a nigaro here an its time i think
we showed him his mistake in not bein born pink"
i says "think yer right" an i takes a drink
of ma nehi orange an i spits in the sink
"coz them learnin they lessons is ma fondest hope
an to help his education i'll jes bring ma rope"
he says "this fella here's a pretty stubborn case
he keeps breakin away an leadin us a chase"
i says "wal, fred, ya know ma strong belief in schoolin
so i'll jes bring ma dogs to show 'im we ain't foolin,
i got some dynamite i think i'll bring along
coz i'm a meanin to keep this democracy strong
an ma goal in life to th end o ma days
is to teach th ignerant th errors o their ways
an if helpin these people takes a little force
why that's one policy ise proud to endorse
so i'll jes round up hank an clem an joe
an git a bottle o whiskey and i'll be ready to go"
he says "thank you frank, i knew i could depend
on a man like you when its time to defend
th laws o man an god an maybe in the end
they'll see how wrong they is an that we're their friends"

yassir, well isa jes singin about that good ol white racist song
yassir, well its jes folks like me that keeps this country
  jes rollin along
so me an th boys we'se gunnin down th road
in ma ol ford truck, we'se carryin quite a load
an we'se laughin an a singin an a feelin pretty frisky
takin good long snorts on our quart o whiskey
an ise thinkin about th job we gotta do
an th things we'll see afore th night is through
it ain't ma first time out, it won't be ma last
coz i jes gotta go whenever ise asked
an if these people here aint ever gonna see
that th laws is made to keep this country free
but keep tryin to destroy our great society
then there's gonna be a need for men like me
an clem an joe an th rest o th boys
we jes does our job an it aint no joy
we jes does our job, we don't take no pay
we don't take no thanks coz it ain't our way
we'se prouder'n hell to be americans
an when trouble comes up we does all we can

jessir, well ise jes singin about. . .

see ya at the race wars,
eric liberty kimball

warmth and tenderness
girl-child
drains my body
claims my soul

B. L. Doliber

a broad is a chick
is a girl
is a woman
sometimes . . . . .

B. L. Doliber

werewolf . . .
lecherous lycanthrope
wandered off . . . last night
in an aura
  of velvet and crimson
we . . . the five of us
  (not counting polly purebred
  boston purde)
and i . . . cried
with mother
over
and over
our frustrated reign
in the city of zombies
living
the life of the marmalade duke
  the mad duke
then
in search of
  our father
  our home
in the blue-tone
  buick
with heavy hearts
we find
we must now abdicate
  denounce our throne
expose it for what it is
  and was
tits and cocks
fluttering in the breeze
the futility of titular rule
when
beneath us
is the mad-dog enforcer
and
his ceramic proletariat

B. L. Doliber

comatose
comatose
  on my back
catatonic
  in a corner
    cornered . . .
busted . . .
for my thoughts
    (lack of?)
those days
thought dreams
    wet schemes
and
vice-versa
orgasm erupts
in
multiple convolutions
    convolutions
    palsy
my emaciated form
cries out for support
baby ruth
i will not succumb
to thine chewy caramel center
nor
thine fresh roasted nuts
baby ruth
with the chewy nuts . . . .
i will not succumb . . . .

B. L. Doliber

The World's Great Literature, Number One

Aeschylus, Aesop, Sholem Aleichem, Apollinaire, Balzac, Boccaccio, Bronte, Byron, Chaucer, Chekhov, Defoe, Faulkner, Goethe, Homer, Horace, Joyce, Kafka, Lorca, Maupassant, Ovid, Poe, Proust, Pushkin, Rabelais, Rimbaud, Shakespeare, Turgenev, Twain, Verlaine, Yeats, Zola — these are but a few of the literally hundreds of authors whose voices we have muted in favor of opening this series with the following piece — a piece whose profound depths make the many works of genius of the aforementioned authors resemble little more than muddied pools. In its gracefulness and the ardor of its appeal to yearning mankind, its bewitching beauty outshines the glittering riches of the great majority of the world's literary masterpieces, relegating those gems to places held before only by common roadside stones. The piece:

A Mouthfull of Hunchback
by
eric liberty kimball

zippo th mongolian tastebud, him got his head draped in forty pounds o rottin human muscle tissue. he is tall with an accent an spends his time asking only th impotent questions. "life" he slobbers to no one in peculiar, "life — right or wrong? i mean, are we th universe lookin at itself? is th universe eating itself? my god, am i all alone out here?"

"quit ya puzzlin" scream bach his wife, whory matilda with th well placed zits. zippo, a fine figurative of a man in his time, had once made quite an impression on th lewdies, stompin them into atoms neath his constriction boots.

"shuttup ya face, ya zitty pig" he retort, managing to retain a half pint of

philosophical composure, "shut ya mealy hole!"

"ya can't talk to me like that!" volly back whory, ripping up his correction of churchill (not the) speaches.

"show i can an goddammit i will!" say z, "ya garbagey hunk o festering buffalo leavings! how'm i supposed to break outta th mind trap o dualism what with a stinkhole like you always slobbin roun th nebula? huh? how?"

"yer not a man, yer a flounder's left ass!" she yell, but zippo take his rake outta his pockit an rake her face off onto th floor.

additional comments:

"serves her right, the slimy little bitch."

—R.J. Muckeater, *Old Rag and Moneysuck Review*

"constant debacle of ppost-Euclidean theoretical possibility contrasted against psychic stimulatory prowess, nothing of which I, unfortunately, know anything about."

—Injun Joe, *Froze Cat Times*

"could be, then again, maybe it couldn't."

—Panama Red, *Bitter Hovels and Gardens*

Questions to ask yourself:

Is the author trying to point out the dilemma of the rational mind?
Is he saying that the universe has no meaning unless man applies meaning to it?
Does the author sympathize with the plight of the existential schizophrenic?
In what way does the story relate to the teachings of Paul of Tarsus?
Is there any relation between the hero of the story and the legendary Patrick Quirke?

Things to do:

Carefully read the story once again, seeing it this time, however, as nothing more than an objectification of your thought process.
Unequivocally explain life in physio-chemical terms.
Disprove the Sumerian creation myths.
Draw a picture of Jean Paul Sartre performing an unnatural act upon a wounded walrus.

Pick the statement that best sums up how you feel about the story:

That zippo! He's such a man!
Just who is this kimball fellow and what the hell does he think he's up to?
Christ! They'll print anything in this goddam paper!

More Things to do:

White your own story, then criticize.
Taking a razor blade, carefully remove all your skin and fleshy parts, then, tossing them over your shoulder, walk over to a mirror and admire your skeletal structure.
Eat some acid, discover who you are, uncover all the secrets of the universe, talk with god for a while, then go home and spend the rest of your life watching *I Love Lucy* reruns on television.

All answers should be placed in the newspaper mailbox before December 12, 1984. The ten best drawings of J. P. Sartre and friend will be published in an upcoming issue.